No young politician can afford to go into the arena without first studying the lives of those men, and then agreeing to be guided by their precepts. The pessimist, and the man who sees in politics only a field for the demagogue whom luck has placed on the pedestal, or influence has given a glowing start in the race, are the men who can never be elected. If you are sure of yourself and also of your standing, solicit an independent place on the ticket, by the canvass of the citizens, and then the election boards must recognize you. At the last presidential election, fourteen men were in the race. When you have the chance, make known your views. If you have the courage of your convictions, the people will be proud of you. Be ever ready to refute the idea that an ambitious youth must put money in his pocket before he can enter public life. He must have brains in his head. If you run for a small office and are defeated, do not let that stand in the way of any future attempts. The next time, be ready to make your cause more evident. The mistakes of the man who defeated you will serve as a foundation for your fight. Let those in your neighborhood know that you intend to follow a public life. Talk politics to them whenever you get a chance. Notice the manner in which the country changes to meet the demands of the time. Make every moment pay. Get into good company by an honest, pleasant personality. Attend every meeting where you can hear the questions of the day discussed, and, when there is a call for a public speaker, let your voice be heard. Be explicit, but not voluble. If you have anything to say, say it briefly, but pointedly. Throw your whole soul into your work, but never be a clown. Let the people become aware of your purpose, and, more than all else, let your life be to them an open book from whose pages they may read a story that will tell of honor and good purpose. When you have won the confidence of a hundred men, it is easy to win the confidence of a hundred more. Confidence spreads, and men want men to represent them who can be trusted. Soon a thousand people will know you to trust you, and they will tell a thousand more. When you are called into the arena, let that confidence be your guide.

The main part of government is plain, practical business, and it requires the same traits, faculties, and methods as a great commercial or manufacturing enterprise. But the field is broader, and the opportunities more alluring. Government affairs concern every citizen, and the legislator with novel and forcible ideas, which he expresses in original and striking language, has the foundation of success, for he secures the attention of every voter.

The country needs great men. They will be found, but they will be men who have shaped their careers, who have worked up from the bottom, who have been guided by the precepts of their illustrious fathers. Financial considerations must not exclude the poorest from public life. Jefferson said: "Our country's destinies will ever be in the hands of those who have come up from the ranks. All that is needed is for those in the ranks to prepare themselves in the most thorough manner." In this truth is to be found the most glorious hope of the permanency of our cherished institutions.

# Two Charming Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln

**Never Before Published:**

**Procured Exclusively for "Success"**

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**FERDINAND COWLE IGLEHART**

**Little "Abe" and his striped pig: His own story of its tragic fate**

**The meeting of Master G. J. Greene and "A. Lincoln, Attorney"**

THE kindness which was characteristic of Lincoln's life until its close was not the laborious effort of a cold heart to seem warm, or of a selfish man to seem generous; it was not the result of years of rigid self-discipline; it was the spontaneous overflow of a stream from a perennial fountain of love.

I am convinced that the American people are more hungry and thirsty than ever before for anecdotes about this uncrowned emperor of the common people. They read everything about him with avidity, and renew, in each newly-discovered story or incident, their enthusiastic devotion to his memory. Much of this fugitive literature comes into print in the form of quaintly humorous stories, some of which are genuine, and others improperly attributed to the martyred president.

It has been my good fortune to find, not any new humorous stories, but a few illustrative of the marvelous kindness of heart of Mr. Lincoln, and I am indebted for them to Captain Gilbert J. Greene, a veteran of the Civil War. Let the old soldier tell, first, in his own words, how he met the greatest man of the nineteenth century:—

"I was tramping the state of Illinois, from south to north, when I came upon the farmhouse of Jacob Strauss, who owned forty thousand acres of land in the center of the state. Finding that I was going to pass through Springfield the next day, Mr. Strauss told me that he would keep me over night if I would carry some papers to a lawyer in the capital. He said the lawyer's name was 'Abe' Lincoln, 'a very smart man.' I started next morning at sunrise. The road to Springfield was straight, and the country so level that I could see the sun reflected from the state-house dome, thirty-five miles away. There was snow on the ground, and the weather was biting cold. I reached a little, unimportant office, at nightfall, and saw the legend, 'A. Lincoln, attorney,' on a plain strip of black tin on the door. I knocked, and a voice replied, 'Come in.' Entering, I found Lincoln sitting on an old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chair, before a great wood fire, with his feet against the mantel, higher than his head, and reading a copy of the Louisville 'Journal.' I handed him the papers. Taking them, he said: 'I did n't think the old codger would send a horse out, such a day as this.' Finding that I had no money, he took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket and gave it to me, saying he would charge it up to his client, as it was worth ten dollars to bring the papers in such weather. Then, taking up the newspaper he had laid down, he wrote on the white margin, 'Mr. Wilson, take care of this boy until to-morrow, or longer, if the weather is bad, and send the bill to me. A. Lincoln.' Tearing this off and handing it to me, he pointed through the window to a hotel across the square, and told me to go there and remain until I was able to resume my journey. As I was leaving the hotel, the next morning, to continue my journey, a man brought a note from Mr. Lincoln, which read as follows:—

"MR. WALLACE, Peoria:
"*Dear Sir:*—This boy wants to reach the Rock River country, somewhere near Beloit. If he needs any assistance, and you can help him in any way, it will be appreciated, and I will be responsible.
"Yours, A. LINCOLN.

"When I arrived at my destination, I wrote a letter of thanks to the homely, kindly lawyer who had befriended me; and a personal correspondence was begun with him, which ended only with his death. He got a place for me in a printing office, at Springfield, where I, though only a boy, was permitted to enjoy his intimate companionship.

**The Boy Lincoln's Love for a Pet Pig**

"One beautiful, moonlit night, we were walking on a country road, and noticed, just ahead of us, six little pigs with their noses close together. Lincoln said: 'Those little things are lost; let's help them to find their mother.' We stirred them up, and, with grunt, sniff, and snort, they ran down the road. At length, they found a hole in the fence, and the mother in the field, just beyond. Lincoln said: 'I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy, six years old, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so interested that they could not get me away from them. The man filled me with supreme delight by saying: "You may have one of those pigs, if you can get him home." "I will attend to that," I said. I had on a tow shirt, reaching to my ankles,—one which my mother had woven,—and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. I made a fold in the garment, and in it, as a sack, I carried my pig home. I got an old bee-gum,—a hollow log,—put cornshucks, stalks, and leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night. He squealed for his mother

nearly all night. In the morning, I carried him feed meal and bran, bread, milk,—everything I could think of,—but he would not touch any of them. He did not seem to have time or energy for anything but to squeal.

"'At length, my mother said to me: "Abe, take that pig back home; it will die, if you keep it here." What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he so glad to see her! After she had given him his dinner, he looked so pretty that I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in the tow sack, as I had done before, and took him to our house. Mother protested, and I cried; she broke down and relented, and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, when we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good. That pig was my companion. I played with him, and taught him tricks; we used to play hide-and-go-seek; I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house, to see whether I was coming after him. After awhile, he got too heavy for me to carry around, and then he followed me everywhere,—to the barn, to the plowed ground, and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods, brushing the leaves away, helping him to find the acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell and rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down before me, and say, in the language which I understood, "Abe, why don't you carry me, as you used to do?" When he grew larger, I turned the tables on him, and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn,—piles of it,—and how he did eat! He grew large,—too large for his happiness and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table, I heard father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart got as heavy as lead. The next morning, father had the barrel of water ready, and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it, to make hot water for the scalding. I slipped out, and took my pig with me to the forest. When father found out what had happened, he yelled as loud as he could, "You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe! you, Abe! fetch back that hog!" The louder he called, the farther and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning, I was severely scolded. After a restless night, I rose early, and went to get my pig for another day's hiding, but found that father had risen before me, and fastened my pet in the pen. I knew that all hope was gone. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far, when I heard the pig squeal; and, knowing what it meant, I ran as fast as I could, to get away from the sound. Being quite hungry at noon, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from a pole, near the house, and I began to blubber. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my appetite till night, when I returned home. They could not get me to take any of the meat; neither tenderloin, nor rib, nor sausage, nor souse; and, even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

"'The next morning, I went into the yard, and saw the red place on the ground, where my pet's throat had been cut with the knife. Taking a chip, I scraped the blood and the hair, that had been scattered, into a pile, and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the folds of my tow shirt, and strewed over the ground, to cover up every trace of the killing of my pet. The dirt did not do its work very well; for, to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to my pet pig, and to the old home and the dear ones there.'"

Tears filled the captain's eyes when Mr. Lincoln finished this simple, touching recital of his lost pet's fate. "It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln," he said, "than years of close association could have done." The kindness of his heart was not merely veneer,—it was the grain of solid wood. He could not help being tender any more than the song birds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could avoid being fragrant. It was easy, even then, for me to see how the boy, so tender to his first pet, might grow to the stature of the man who became one of the noblest exponents of American manhood, and whose career will be quoted as a model as long as our nation endures.

I.

When we are all dead and forgotten,—
Our names but a memory dim,—
The grandeur and height of God's mountains
Will still breathe their glory to Him.

II.

When the beauty, who reigned 'mongst the courtiers,
Has long since been under the sod,
The petals and leaves of the roses
Will still waft their fragrance to God.

III.

When the wit and the artist so fêted
Have ceased to inhabit our earth,
The waves, still in harmony singing,
Will laugh with a resonant mirth.

IV.

When our leaders of men are no longer
A part of this work-a-day world,
The limitless skies of the ages
Will still, in their breadth, be unfurled.

V.

When man, with his lust for importance,
Can measure the infinite scope
Of mountain and valley and river,
Then life will be fuller of hope;

VI.

For the ages have rung out the pæans
Of mysteries deep as the sea,
And we are but instruments, solving
The problem of "What is to be."